



今日から 魔王!

魔王誕生編

喬林知

TOMO TAKABAYASHI

角川文庫



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Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novels - Kyou Kara Maou! Maou Tanjou-hen

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It's my first day off in a while and as I lie in bed unable to get up after sleeping in this morning, there is the scent of coffee from somewhere. When I lift my heavy eyelids, I see a gently lady holding an American breakfast. It's something you see often in movies and dramas and my mother seems to yearn for this sort of thing.

"... But when it really happens it's a bit odd for a Japanese person."

The moment after the tutor Lord Günter von Christ with his flowing silver hair and violet eyes says 'Good morning,' extravagant breakfast items are carried one after another into my bedroom here in Blood Pledge Castle.

Before my dazed gaze, various types of dishes are being arranged before me one by one: drinks, soup, meat, a thicker soup, something like fish, a soup that has gone beyond soup and become stew, possibly bread, something that looks salad-ish, bread, a soup of an obviously different color, cheese, cold soup, fruit, soup with a spoon in it.

"W-wait a minute."

Why so much soup!?

"No, you don't have to go through the trouble of putting these on the sheets. I'm not sick so I'll get up."

Even though it's a large bed, eating breakfast in it doesn't match my lifestyle.

"Oh no Your Majesty, please stay as you are. Your precious body is preparing for the ceremony so you need to rest as much as you can to reserve your stamina."

"That's right, Yuuri. You're completely exhausted so there's no need to exert yourself to get up for meals."

When I turned to the side after having my conversation suddenly interrupted, Wolfram was so close to me it was startling. I'm astonished yet again by the

beautiful person masquerading as a blonde pretty boy. It looks like his emerald green eyes are homing in on the cheese and the fish-like object. Why is this pretty boy prince getting in my bed in the mornings? Actually, is he really only in my bed in the morning? By any chance was he in my room all this time while I was passed out these past two days... No, let me not think about that. Let me not even ask about it.

“It’s not like yesterday so I’m not tired enough to be bedridden anymore.”

“What are you saying? You called that torrential downpour on such a wide area with magic you had used for almost the first time. There’s no way you’re not tired.”

Ah, he doesn’t want to count that time during the duel. I’ve experienced a lot of defeats during my baseball life so I understand that feeling very well.

When I glanced at the door I saw Conrad taking a scrap of paper from one of the women carrying in the meal. I wonder if messages are delivered by hand directly since there aren’t any desks with drawers or any shoe racks in The Great Demon Kingdom. He puts it in his pocket while giving a troubled laugh. A popular man. That is the reaction of a popular man receiving a love letter.

“Therefore Your Majesty,” Günter started as he gazed at me with his white fingers clasped together under his chin like in a prayer. “Please enjoy your meal while resting as you are.”

“Ah, uh, sure.”

If I leave the food alone, it’s not unthinkable that he’d lift a spoon up to my mouth. Even if he’s beautiful, I refuse to say ah for a man. Left without a choice, I grab a spork and taste the soup closest to me. Hm, it’s very rich.

Even for an acknowledged glutton like myself (hurray), this exceedingly rich, full-course meal right after I wake up is a bit rough. Could I get something a bit lighter? Even if I can’t get broiled salmon and white rice, how about some foreign bread and salad?

“Like toast with bacon and eggs.”

After hearing the name of that dish, Günter’s face changed color.

“Your-Your Majesty you are surely not, bacon... Are you requesting the delicious meat of the Hundred Legs that lives in the Nnu Mountains? For breakfast? For breakfast!?”

“Eh? Wait, a hundred legs? How many members does this world’s EXILE have? And anyway that’s not a horse, but a centipede, right? No matter if it’s breakfast or dinner, you can’t eat them, right^[1]?”

“Of course you can eat them, if you are willing to offer a suitable sacrifice.”

Wolfram is already on his second soup as he nods. Pretty boys having small appetites is the desired arrangement that girls have made up.

“Wow, sorry. Bacon and eggs was too extravagant. I just wanted breakfast to be a little lighter. I thought it would be nice to be able to choose from a Japanese-style meal or a Western-style breakfast set. You know, like going to a buffet in the castle and getting some miso soup for myself.”

Coming in late, Conrad asks, “Pirates?” as he smiles.

He’s fairly knowledgeable about America, but he doesn’t understand Japan’s Katakana Culture^[2].

“You were partial to breakfasts of men of the sea? If so, then we will set out on a boat. We’ll fish and fish and pull some up and then boil, stew, and fry them.”

Now it’s turned into a fisherman’s breakfast. Even though I want a salmon meal, it’s extreme to tell me to fish it up myself. If I wanted a meal with salmon roe, then I’d have to go all the way to the northern seas.

“Aw Conrad, I did eventually want to try fishing as a hobby, but...”

Conrad might not have heard the complaint I made in a small voice because he picked up a plate and handed it to Günter.

“Here, Lord von Christ, His Majesty wants to go fishing so prepare an assortment of fishing poles. Ah, we’ll grab some bread and cheese because this breakfast is a bit heavy to eat before going out to fish so please clear this food away.”

The tutor and excellent royal advisor Lord von Christ uneasily leaves the room while muttering ‘fishing poles, fishing poles.’ Almost simultaneously, the maids

who seemed to have been in the hallway come in and carry away the heavy meal in the blink of an eye. After that quick work was finished, the only things left in the bedroom were Conrad, Wolfram and I sitting in bed, and the fish-like object still in Wolfram's hands.

"... Was that selfish of me?"

There were only three people left in the room so this time he hears the words that tumble out of my mouth.

"The staff will enjoy eating that, really. Now then," Conrad says as he walks to the window and opens all of the thick curtains. The late morning sunshine comes directly in and the room brightens significantly. "It's the start of the Fish, Fish and Fish Some More Plan. Wolfram, you should hurry up and go to Gisela."

"I, I don't need medicine!"

Wolfram, who was flustered for some reason, energetically jumps out of bed and runs away with his plate of fish.

"He got angry. I wonder if he won't come with us."

"No, he's going off at full speed to get what he needs and come back. Because, he wants to get along with you." His face says that he sees straight through his little brother's heart. "When he does, let's pack a lunch and go to the lake, not the ocean. You should drop a line in the water and let the day pass at leisure. Tomorrow is the coronation ceremony, after all."

When I remember the great task waiting for me tomorrow, I heave a large sigh even though I know I shouldn't. This behavior will only make the people who believe in me anxious. I decided I would go through with it so I should be resolute and not complain to the end. I know in my head that captains and leaders are supposed to be like that, but...

"I wonder if I can do it."

"The coronation ceremony? It will be a busy day, but it isn't difficult."

"... No, not that. Can I..."

... really handle the huge responsibility of being king? I somehow swallowed those words back down. I can't say that. Now that things are what they are, I

can't say something that will upset the boat that has already set sail.

"I have to give this to you." Ignoring what i just said, Conrad slowly sat down on the bed and pulled a folded letter from his pocket. It's what he received from the maid earlier.

"What, isn't that a love letter to you?"

"If it was a love letter, it wouldn't be to me."

There is a circle drawn in the middle of the unfolded paper. The large circle is drawn with the point where the folds meet as the center. There's nothing else. Not even anything like a sentence or a signature.

"This is from Brandon to you."

"Ah!"

The moment I heard that I understood. This is a ball. The child left behind in that village has gotten a little better. Enough to write me a letter. Enough to tell me to teach him to throw. At the same moment, many questions came to me. Are the wounded being properly cared for? Are the burned houses being rebuilt? Have the deployed troops been accepted by the villagers and are they helping with the reconstruction?

"But he probably sent this because things are going well."

"Of course, as you wish it."

He holds up the single sheet of paper against the light coming in through the window. The sun already high in the sky lined up perfectly with that circle and shone white.

"You were like this as well before you were born."

"What are you talking about? Is that health and physical education talk?"

I must have said something funny because Conrad laughed out loud, handed the paper to me, and called my name in the first time in while.

"Yuuri, you don't have to worry about whether you can do it or not. This all started a long time ago."

What started? How long ago is a long time ago? However, instead of asking

that, I trace the circle with my finger and confirm in my heart the promise I had to fulfill.

“Conrad, I need a much thicker string, not just fishing line. I also need to find a small rock at the lake.”

“And then small pieces of torn cloth and glue?”

This time it's not just his little brother's thoughts, but he has a face like he's even seen right through mine. It's a little annoying that he's figured me out, but that's not important now. I've remembered the necessary items so collecting them comes first. Unable to contain my excitement, I jump out of bed.

“That's right. I have to make a ball as soon as possible. A bunch of them. We need a lot of them for practice.”

I mean, a ball drawn in a picture won't bounce^[3].

References^[edit]

- ^[1] There were multiple jokes in here. So EXILE is a 14-member, Japanese band and one of their famous songs is Choo Choo Train and part of that song's dance is them all standing in a line and doing this spiral thing (I was in Japan when that song came out so I had to suffer through EVERYONE DOING THAT DANCE EVERYWHERE x.x) Here's a video. So that's what Yuuri meant about the EXILE members. The horse thing is a pun on the word for delicious that Günter used (umai) Delicious meat = umai niku, horse meat = uma niku (although it's normally pronounced ba niku, but that's part of the joke~)
- ^[2] The word for buffet in Japanese is Viking written in katakana (baikingu). So, Conrad recognized the word 'viking' because he speaks English, but didn't know that it meant something different in Japanese instead of, well, Viking. Yuuri's comment on Japan's Katakana Culture is referring to the fact that there are a bunch of foreign words that Japan has borrowed and

‘katakana-ized’ into being unrecognizable or they end up with completely different meanings.

3. [↑](#) The ‘bounce’ here is actually tied to the title of the story since the same word is used for ‘bounce’ and ‘beat excitedly’ (hazumu).